SPEECH OF GEN. NEAL DOW,

IN THE

NEW CITY HALL, PORTLAND,

ON

Thursday Evening, March 24, 1861.

ON

His Return from Captivity in a Rebel Prison.

Reported for The Portland (Me.) Daily Press.

MR. MAYOR, LADIES AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: You will readily believe me, I know, when I assure you that it gives me great joy to stand here to-night. The contrast between what I see now, and what I have beheld the last nine months is wider and greater than I can tell you. In the South everywhere I have traveled I have beheld the desolation of war; everything I saw there, reminded me that war is desolating our lands; but as I come across the Potomac and traverse the Free States, I see nothing that reminds me of war. You know nothing of war, you feel nothing of the war except those of you who have offered up loved ones for the honor and safety of their country. Everywhere in the South the land is desolate because of the war. As the President of the Confederate States said, they undertook an enterprise, the magnitude of which they did not at all comprehend; an enterprise that had no other purpose than the establishment of a great empire founded on human slavery.

Until within a few months, the leading men of the South confidently believed in the success of their undertaking. Now they begin to realize the tremendous power of the North, in its naval resources, in men, money, and all the appliances of war, and everywhere they despair of success.

The resources of the Rebel country are exhausted. The Rebel Government is destitute of money, destitute of credit. It is impossible, as the Rebels begin now to understand, to carry on this great war without money, without credit, without food, and with an absolute destitution of almost all the appliances of war.

Just before I left Richmond the Rebel Congress had passed an act, in effect repudiating all their currency, amounting to $850,000,000. On and after the 1st of April all the notes of the denomination of $100, not invested in 4 per cent bonds (which are worthless in the market) are taxed 100 per cent. All other notes are taxed 33⅓ per cent—and thereafter, are taxed 10 per cent a month, until their nominal value shall be absorbed in that way. The $100 Treasury notes amount to $400,000,000—and those of all other denominations to $450,000,000.

This measure is a distinct repudiation of the entire circulation of $850,000,000. At the same time the Government proposes to issue a new series of Treasury notes, which they hope will have some credit in their domains. You will judge whether such a scheme will be likely to succeed; whether a war can be carried on by money such as that; whether armies such as theirs can be paid and fed with such a currency. The financiers of the South are destitute of all knowledge upon the subject of finance, and they say in excuse for this ignorance, that hitherto all financial operations on a great scale have been entirely in the hands of Northern men and carried on in Northern cities.

You have heard from high authority that the people of the South are semi-barbarians. Educated, so far as they are educated at all, in a disregard of the rights of 4,000,000 of their fellow-men; accustomed as they are to see the rights of others trampled in the dust, and undertaking to subsist upon their unrecompensed labor, they learn to disregard the rights of everybody else in their intercourse with both blacks and whites. You see it in their intercourse with each other. The Union prisoners have come in contact with this feeling very largely. I would not be understood that there are no cultivated people at the South. The Union prisoners have come in contact with such a people and they have experienced the most barbarous treatment. From the Confederate soldiers at the front, they have experienced kind and courteous treatment. But from the "Home Guards" it has been more barbarous than any prisoners of war have suffered since the days of the "Black Hole" of Calcutta. I know of nothing in the history of war, to compare with the shameful treatment of the Union prisoners at Richmond and Atlanta, Georgia.

A large quantity of clothing and blankets was sent to my care to be distributed to the soldiers. I was permitted to visit them for the purpose of distributing the articles. Passing around the camp at Belle Isle, I saw the wretched condition of our soldiers as to clothing and quarters. Nearly one-half of them were without shelter of any kind, and all were in extreme want of clothing. As I passed around the camp, they cried to me to send them food. Shelterless and almost naked, as many of them were, their first want was food—their chief suffering was from hunger. On my return to Richmond, I addressed a note to Gen. Winder, in command there, stating that one-half the soldiers were without shelter, and all without sufficient food, and asking his immediate attention to their miserable condition. The result was, that I was not permitted to visit the soldiers any more, their condition was not alleviated, and these stores were put into the hands of another officer who would conduct himself toward the Rebel authorities with a great deal more forbearance than I was supposed to be capable of. Soldiers perished there at about the rate of 400 per month, during the Winter months, as we were informed.

As I was at Belle Isle, I went into the hospital, consisting of tents without any floor, the sick lying upon the ground without blankets, without pillows, some of them with sticks of wood for pillows, and on protesting to Gen. Winder against this treatment, I was refused permission to visit these poor creatures for the future. The Government sent large quantities of provisions to the soldiers as well as the officers. Much of this was stolen, so that Yankee overcoats were very common. Soldiers in Yankee overcoats promenading the streets of Richmond, drew so much attention that they caused these coats to be colored black. They were ashamed to be seen with Yankee overcoats stolen from the poor suffering soldiers. Large quantities of food as well as of clothing were sent there by the Sanitary Commission also, and these were stolen by the Rebel authorities and appropriated to their own use in large amounts. A very small proportion of these reached our soldiers.

Libby Prison was a great tobacco warehouse, or rather three tobacco warehouses, three stories high upon the front, four stories upon the rear, separated by brick walls through which doors were cut. Our officers were placed in these rooms with bare walls, bare floors, and without any blankets.

When I arrived there, I was clad in the lightest Summer clothes. It was a cold October night, and my sufferings must have been extreme but for the kindness of my fellow officers in supplying me with garments and blankets. After a while a great quantity of blankets was sent by the Sanitary Commission, which made us comparatively comfortable, but we were treated in no other respect than as so many negroes sent to Richmond to a barracoon for sale. An officer who had a very extensive acquaintance at the South, said we were not nearly so well treated as that, for blacks sent for sale were kindly cared for that they might bring a better price. The Union officers were treated as so many cattle turned into a slaughter-pen or barn to sleep. Confederate officers in the hands of Union authorities were treated courteously and kindly; that is right.

A little incident occurred to myself which will illustrate the point of the difference of treatment between their prisoners and ours. I was exchanged for Gen. Lee. As I was called down to pass off, I had two large trunks to take away. I could obtain no assistance in transporting them, no dray or other mode of conveyance. Some of my fellow-officers kindly tendered their assistance, and we carried them between us through the streets of Richmond to the steamer, on which we were ordered upon the forward deck and forbidden to come abaft the wheels. We were situated on the steamer like so many cattle, slaves or swine on the way to market. At City Point we met Gen. Lee in the magnificent saloon of the Federal steamer, New-York, we ourselves emerging from the forward deck of the dirty Rebel steamer. When Gen. Lee and his fellow-officers were ready to change steamers, the General stooped to take his small valise, when the Union officer in command said to a soldier near, "Sergeant, take the General's valise on board for him!" I mention this to show the sort of treatment we received down South, and that which the Rebels meet with when they fall into our hands; they are treated kindly, courteously; we rudely, barbarously. We don't complain, because we will strike a balance with them one of these days. [Cries of "good," and cheers.]

There are a great many Union people down South, even in Virginia; Union men and Union women. I shall not give any names. We had communication with Union people by writing and by signals, and the Rebels could not prevent it. They threatened to shoot us if we looked out of the windows. One of their own men looked out and they shot him. They were resolved to shoot a Yankee as an offset for this, and a Rebel sentinel fired several times at us without success. They were exceedingly mortified at shooting their own man, the ball entering the right eye and stopping at the back of the head. These Rebel sentinels watched our men at the windows very much as boys hunting squirrels and looking into the trees for their game. But many of the guards gave us all the information which came to their knowledge, of what was going on around Richmond, as to the pressure for food, and in all other matters.

They told us of Kilpatrick's raid. On the 1st of March arrangements had been made to receive him. And what do you suppose the arrangements were? To defend Richmond? Was that it? No. They mined *Libby Prison*, with the intention of blowing up it and, to use their own phrase, *"to blow us to hell!"* [Voice—"Is there proof of that?"] That is capable of proof. I cannot tell you how the fact was intimated to us the next day without betraying those from whom the intimation came. On the morning of Wednesday, March 2, after we had been informed of the gunpowder plot, Dick Turner, the Inspector of Military Prisons, was asked by many officers, at different times, if we were correctly informed, and he assured us it was true; that a large quantity of powder had been placed under the prison to blow us up if Kilpatrick had come in, and that it would be done yet if attempts were made to rescue us.

The Rev. Dr. Smith, President of Randolph Macon College, well known down South, and known in the North too, as an able and influential man, came into the prison to visit Lieut.-Col. Nichols, of the 18th Connecticut Regiment, with whom he was acquainted. He said that powder had been placed in the basement for the purpose of "blowing us into atoms." Col. Nichols did not believe it. Dr. Smith assured him it was so. He had then come from the office of Judge Ould, Commissioner of Exchanges, who told him it was so. The Rev. Dr. McCabe said the same thing to Col. Cesnola, of the 4th New-York Cavalry, and others. Some officers were in the kitchen at the back window, directly over the door leading into the cellar. Major Turner, the commandant of the prison—Dick Turner—and four or five Rebel officers went into the cellar, and on coming out they remained a few moments at the door, and one of the officers said, "By G—d if you touch that off it will blow them to hell, sure enough."

On the morning we came away, Maj. Turner assured Capt. Sawyer and Capt. Flynn, who were exchanged in connection with myself, that powder was there, and he said, "Rather than have you rescued, I would have blown you to h—, even if we had gone there ourselves." At first we could not believe it; not that we did not suppose them capable of it. We did not suppose them to be fools enough to be guilty of an act like that. The destruction of nine hundred Union officers in that way would not have been a fatal blow to the Union cause, but it would have drawn down upon them the execrations of mankind; it would have united the Northern people as one man, and would have fired the Northern heart with an intense indignation, and when Richmond should be captured, it would have been utterly destroyed, and blotted out forever from the earth. At first we could not believe that such an act could have been contemplated, but we now regard it as established by satisfactory proof. Such is the temper of the leaders of the Rebellion! Such their character!

The negroes! It seems to strike them with horror that we should enlist in the public service the negro. A great many conversations I have had with civilians as well as officers upon the subject. They say it is barbarous, unknown in the history of mankind. They say the negroes are their property. Our answer is, we take away your horses and your mules. We use them to draw baggage-trains and in the artillery service, wherever we can make them useful. You also take away our horses and our mules. I tell them when we cannot carry off the horses and mules, we destroy them; and they do the same by ours if they can. They admit that this is according to the usages of war. We find a part of their population very friendly to us and hostile to them. They use them to dig their intrenchments, because they find them useful. We also use them in any way in which we can find them useful. If we could make horses or mules bear arms and fire guns, we should do it. We can put arms into the hands of the blacks, and find them useful.

They say it is atrocious to raise up against them their own servants—their own property. It is in accordance with the usages of all nations, through all history, for an invading army to avail itself of the aid, in every way, of any part of the population of the invaded country, which can by promises of advantage, or payment, or liberty, be induced to lend their support. The blacks, everywhere in the South, flock to our standard, eager to aid us in the suppression of the Rebellion, thereby overthrowing Slavery. To accept their assistance, and to seek it is a perfectly legitimate act, while to reject it would be the extreme of folly.

The Rebels have said that we could not find the negroes useful as soldiers; that they were cowards and would run at the sight of a white man and a whip. But they have long since found that an escaped slave, armed and on equal ground, is fully a match for his former master!

Gen. Butler told me that he has two excellent black regiments of cavalry, and that in a recent fight of one of them against a greatly superior force of Rebel cavalry, supported by infantry and four pieces of artillery, the blacks won a brilliant victory. They charged the Rebels in the most admirable manner, with loud shouts of defiance, and with the saber put them to rout and drove them in confusion off the field. In many cases the Rebels have put colored soldiers—prisoners—to death as soon as they were captured, and in this case the cavalry took no prisoners; they gave no quarter and asked none. The barbarous execution of black prisoners by the Rebels has not intimidated the negro soldiers, but, on the contrary, has exasperated them to such a degree that they are quite ready to accept the Rebel policy of "no quarter!" On the occasion I speak of, a black sergeant was surrounded and called upon to surrender. His reply was, "No quarter! I choose to die in battle and not by the halter," and he killed several of his assailants before he fell himself, covered with wounds.

I have myself seen blacks placed in most trying positions in battle, and once had them in my own command, in front of an attacking column, carrying timber for crossing a ditch, and no veteran troops could behave better, and no position could be imagined where more courage would be required. The Rebels have boasted that they could put armed blacks to flight simply with the flourish of the whip; but they have already learned that the emancipated slave is *a man*, and that in this war he is stimulated to brave deeds by every noble consideration that can animate the heart.

When I left home, more than two years ago, there was a good deal of speculation in regard to negro soldiers, but the prevailing sentiment seemed to be that they would not be practically useful, and ought not to be permitted to help us fight our battles. I rejoice now at the change in public sentiment which I perceive exists here.

If we had commenced this war with such a public sentiment as we have now, it would have ended long ago. The Administration, in the prosecution of this war, has been constantly embarrassed by divisions among our own people, and by a perverse public sentiment at the North in relation to the whole question of Slavery. A large party existed here whose sympathies were supposed to be in favor of Slavery and against Emancipation, and against any effort to preserve the Union and the Government. The Rebels were greatly encouraged to perseverance by this fact, while our Administration was necessarily embarrassed by it. Violent was the opposition to any measure looking at emancipation and the enlistment of negro soldiers. But public opinion has been greatly changed, until at present the numbers are few who oppose the former measure or object to the latter. In two short years, how wonderful the change!

At present the Rebels are looking anxiously at movements at the North in relation to the next Presidential election. Their hope is that some other man than Mr. Lincoln may be nominated and elected to the Presidency. The election of any other person they will regard as a sure indication that the loyal North tires of the war, and means to change its policy in relation to it. The leaders of the rebellion have now no other hope of success than this, and their hope is that those may come into power who will say to them, "Erring sisters, depart in peace!" The officers in Libby Prison, who had abundant opportunities to see the feeling of the Rebels on this subject, were anxious that the loyal men of the North should perceive the danger of lending any encouragement to it. No man has a greater respect than myself for Mr. Chase and Mr. Fremont, nor a more entire conviction of their loyalty and their ability to conduct the affairs of the country with honor to themselves and to the advantage of the Nation, but for this time I should regard the nomination of any other person than Mr. Lincoln as a public misfortune.

My conviction is, that the ensuing campaign, if active, earnest and successful, will be the last. Preparations are in progress to this end, and I am confident that the Rebellion cannot withstand or survive the onset. Its finances are utterly ruined; its credit entirely exhausted, at home and abroad; its leaders despair of success; the masses of the people, weary and exhausted by war, desire peace on any terms; its armies are unpaid and underfed, and the conscripts of which they are entirely composed, have no heart in the struggle, since in any event they have nothing to hope or to gain—while they and their families are the greatest sufferers by it. The people everywhere in the South are suffering extremely for want of every comfort, and even for the common necessaries of life—and they know that it is only through peace that they can escape from their perils and distresses.

I have often been asked at the South, by civilians as well as officers of high rank, when I thought the War would end. My reply has been uniformly—when one party or the other shall be thoroughly exhausted; and that they could judge as well as I which party that would probably be. The North has twenty-one millions of people, the South has between three and four millions of whites within the Rebel lines; the North has a great and constantly increasing navy, the South has none at all; the North has an unbounded credit, the South has exhausted any that it ever had; the North is contending for its National existence, the South for the power to extend and perpetuate human Slavery—an enterprise in which no nation sympathizes with it—while all civilized people everywhere abhor it. It is impossible that God can look with favor upon such an undertaking.

The rations supplied by the Rebels to the Union officers at Richmond, are unfit for human food, and incapable of sustaining life in a healthy condition. They consist only of a small quantity of bread made of corn meal, unsifted and manufactured in the worst manner, and about half a gill of rice two or three times a week. Occasionally, a single medium sized potato or three or four small ones are given to each man, and, three or four times, a small turnip has been given to each. And this is all. For a time, supplies sent by friends to the officers were honestly and promptly delivered to them, but for some weeks before I left Richmond, this was not done, and there were accumulated there more than 4,000 boxes sent to officers, which had been detained from them. These boxes are now systematically plundered by the officials of their most valuable contents, especially of clothing. Union officers are subjected to the most humiliating treatment by the prison officials.

The Sanitary Commission sent to my care great quantities of comforts and luxuries for the use of the officers. A small quantity of these was delivered, but the greater part of them was retained by the Rebel officials for their own use and for sale. In our purchases we found many of these Sanitary goods, stolen by the officials and sold to us at enormous prices.

The rations furnished to the privates consisted *entirely of corn bread of miserable quality* and insufficient quantity, which produces derangement in the digestive organs, and death. The soldiers are slowly wasting away, and die of sheer starvation and cold. Two of them, sent off from Richmond at the same time with myself, died of exhaustion before reaching Annapolis.

These poor creatures were reduced to such a state of extreme suffering that many of them were demented. They could not tell the name of their Colonel or the number of their regiment. One of them had become perfectly idiotic from long-protracted suffering, many of them having slept all Winter in the open air, with no shelter, and without overcoats or blankets. They were all supplied at the commencement of the Winter with both, sent them by the U. S. Government, but they were compelled to sell them, in many instances, to procure the means of subsistence, their rations not being sufficient to support them in a state of health.

It is understood down South that all Rebel "promises to pay" are to be repudiated. There is no one who pretends that it is to be anything else. Rebel currency and Rebel bonds are spoken of with a tone of contempt by all the public papers. One of the Richmond papers, in an article on finances, quoted a paragraph from *The London Times*, in which it was said that in marketing in the Rebel States the money was taken in the basket and the purchase carried home in the pocket-book!

In a police report, *The Examiner* said there was found upon the person of one accused of stealing, $40 in gold, $75 in greenbacks, and about half a peck of Confederate Treasury notes and bonds! The same paper spoke of speculators who had made money by the "bale," as if it had been hay, and valued by the cubic foot. The soldiers said they were paid by the paymaster walking down the line with baskets of money, every man taking out for himself as much as he pleased. Their stated pay is $11 a month, while negroes impressed into the service—or their owners—received $45 a month. The soldiers say the slaves are treated much better than themselves, especially when sick, because a dead negro is a loss to his owner, while a dead soldier is thought to be a loss to nobody; he is only a "poor white," who is regarded everywhere in the South as a nuisance—occupying a lower place in the social scale than the slave.

The Southern people now, generally understand that the Rebel cause is lost, and are inquiring with anxiety, as to the course that will be taken with their persons and property by the Washington Government. I have been many times inquired of by officers and civilians upon that point, and have always assured them that the persons and property of the masses of the people would not be interfered with; that only the active promoters and leaders of the Rebellion would be punished in person and property; that the Union men of the country who had been plundered by the Rebels, would be indemnified out of the property of the aggressors. Beyond that, I thought confiscation would not be enforced. The losses of the South by the Rebellion up to this time have been enormous. The Treasury notes and bonds of the Rebel Government are not less in amount than $1,600,000,000, an entire loss to the people. The money value of the slaves at the commencement of the war, was not less than $2,500,000,000, soon to be of no value to the owners. And the loss of cotton, sugar and tobacco crops, and the losses by the desolation of the Southern country, cannot be less than $1,500,000,000, making the enormous amount of $5,600,000,000: an amount greater than that of the national debt of Great Britain.

Every branch of industry in the South is prostrate and ruined; the entire country is desolate. Every white male between the ages of 18 and 60 is declared by law to be in the military service of the Confederacy, and no man in the entire country can be engaged as a clerk, artisan or workman in any counting-room, or factory, or other establishment, without a regular military detail from the authorities. Without that, no man can remain at home to attend to his own affairs, however important. The Southern country is a vast camp, full of soldiers, disciplined and undisciplined—every man a soldier—with none to feed, clothe or pay them.

To the North, the loyal North, the war has cost fearfully in treasure and in blood. The treasure is to us of small account, because our wealth is increasing with wonderful rapidity. A debt that may seem large to us, will be small for the next generation, whose ability to pay will be fourfold greater than ours. But the expenditure of life—we cannot measure that by gold. But we freely lay all upon the altar of our country—fortune and life—to preserve our nation from those who seek to blot it out from the map of the world, and to pronounce man incapable of self-government. The institutions of personal, civil and religious liberty that we have inherited from our fathers, we mean to transmit unimpaired to our children, and to that end we gladly devote our fortunes and our lives.

When this war shall be ended, and liberty shall be proclaimed through the land to all the inhabitants thereof, and our Government shall be established in the love and fear of God forever, the survivors will see that the value of it to the nation and to mankind will be far beyond its cost, and those who now mourn the death of father, brother, son, slain in battle or starved in Rebel prisons, will be comforted by the thought that their dear ones perished in the cause of civilization, humanity and Christianity, and that by their death Justice and Truth are established on an everlasting throne.

FUNERAL OF THE HON. OWEN LOVEJOY.

Remarks of the Rev. Dr. Cheever and the Rev. Mr. Beecher.

The funeral services of the Hon. Owen Lovejoy took place at Plymouth Church yesterday, at 1½ o'clock. The Church was well filled, many of the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause being among the congregation. The coffin was brought in and placed in front of the pulpit. On the top of the coffin was a cross of white flowers. After a brief prayer by the Rev. Mr. BEECHER, the Rev. Dr. CHEEVER read selections from the scriptures, closing with the passage, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Of all the scriptures, said Dr. C., that could be read on this occasion, perhaps this last portion is most appropriate. The nation mourns, to-day, a leader and standard-bearer. A prince in Israel has fallen. Our brother has fallen at perhaps the most critical period of the moral battle, at his post, borne down with the incessant labor of the conflict for freedom, justice, truth, and righteousness—for the salvation of his beloved country by freedom and justice in the name of the Lord. We can ill afford to lose one such hero. Heroes, alas, are not so plenty in our days, or in our country, whether in the battle field, with sword and cannon, or in the more solemn, sacred and awful arena where our brother, in the good providence of God, was so distinguished and successful a warrior and leader. Who will rise up to fill his place? Surely God will, if He means to save the Nation, raise up and baptize from among the companions of our departed brother another leader like unto him. In recurring to the history of him whom God hath taken from this warfare to his rest, my mind reverts to three particular points, which I shall only glance at. First, the event of the murder of his brother in 1837. Then he consecrated himself to earnest, intense, and assiduous labor in behalf of the oppressed. From that time he seemed to call aloud like the prophet of old, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" And in 1842, we saw him, as it were, smiting the stream with the mantle of the departed prophet. He preached a sermon then, an extract from which will be read to you, from the text, "We must obey God rather than man," and in that discourse he called upon his hearers to consecrate themselves to the work of obeying God rather than man, in the terrible conflict for the rights of the enslaved, even at the peril and cost of martyrdom, and declared that God helping him, he never would obey man when God's command forbade him, but would obey God rather, though he should die in so doing. The conflict thickened. We can almost see the stalwart form of our steadfast brother in the midst of infuriated demons in the House of Representatives, confronting them to their faces, as they gnashed upon him ready to destroy him. We all remember that signal instance when, it having been declared treason against this country and its constitution to shelter a fugitive from bondage, and those who dared to do such an act were denounced as thieves and stealers of slaves, who deserved the highest penalty of the law, Mr. Lovejoy stood up and defied that infamous law and its penalty, declaring that he would obey God in breaking it even to the death. "I live," said he, "in Princeton, Illinois, the road to my dwelling is so plain that it cannot be mistaken; but I give you the landmarks by which you cannot fail to find it. My front door is always open to the fugitive slave, and always shall be; and any panting fugitive fleeing from his cruel oppressors shall be received into my house and there protected; and woe be to the first slave-hunter that dares attempt to cross my threshold to seize him." The next instance that I will advert to was just upon the eve of the breaking out of the Rebellion, when it had been resolved to amend our Constitution in behalf of Slavery, so as to render it safe from all interference south of a certain line. On that occasion, Mr. Lovejoy declared that never had there been a revolt so causeless or so infernal since Satan led the cohorts of rebel angels against the throne of God in heaven, and he had never learned that God offered any compromise with the rebel angels, giving them the privilege of rebellion in hell south of 36° 30'. The effect was electrical, and the speech went all over the land. The last instance of the faithfulness of our departed brother was when he brought in a bill for the entire and unconditional emancipation throughout the United States. And that bill he was laboring upon even to the hour of his death. I am told that after his arrival in this city from Washington, with the disease preying upon him, he rose up, and as if with the original strength of his iron constitution he could by an effort of the will shake off the disease, and said, "I must go to my place in Congress and see that my bill is carried through." But God permitted him only to behold the land beyond Jordan. He took him away in the midst of his unfinished labors. Our brother has entered into the rest of the people of God. O, the blessedness of that welcome, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." His active life, with labor incessant and intense enough to have crushed half a dozen common men, was devoted entirely to this one grand aim of deliverance of the millions of the enslaved. It was but a continued ministry in their behalf when he left his parish where he had labored for sixteen years so successfully, and entered upon his post as Representative in Congress. One of the morning papers states that in 1854 he left the Ministry and devoted himself to politics. It should have been written: He changed his pulpit, but continued his Ministry, with the nation as his audience. He did not leave the Ministry—he never left it. He continued his sacred labors in that one direction pointed out by God. Our politics needed such a Ministry, and as he could not bring the politics of the nation to his pulpit in Princeton, he changed it to the National Assembly, and there preached Christ and Him crucified in behalf of those for whom Christ died. With the heart of a smitten, bereaved brother I speak to-day; but at the same time I feel that our personal griefs—I had almost said the bitter, inexpressible griefs of the dear family from whom God has taken so beloved a head—are swallowed up in the depths of the national bereavement. We mourn over his loss as a nation. May God in his mercy grant that as the spirit of Elijah, the martyred brother, fell upon him whose death we mourn to-day, so the spirit and mantle of both these prophets may fall upon us all, and that we may have grace each in our sphere to labor so that when we come to die there may be ministered to us the ineffable consolation that was brought to his spirit in his dying hour—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The following hymn was then sung by the congregation, having been composed since the death of Mr. Lovejoy by J. H. Bryant, brother to Wm. C. Bryant.

O lay him in his place of rest—
His earnest, stormy life is o'er:
Let the green sods of Spring be prest
Around the form we see no more.

How throbbed his warm and generous heart,
What mighty passion trilled his frame;
How beamed his eye with sudden start
At sound of Freedom's holy name.

To her he gave his earnest life,
And toiled through seeming hopeless years,
Long years of scorn and hate and strife
Till now her glorious day appears.

Strong words of truth that cannot die
He spoke in stern and high debate;
With manly front and dauntless eye
Met the wild charge of Rebel hate.

As Moses from the mountain steep,
He saw the enfranchised land before,
He leaves the boon for us to keep;
His work was done, he asked no more.

The Rev. Mr. BEECHER then spoke as follows: The body of our deceased brother will be removed to-morrow, under the charge of a Committee of Congress, and conveyed to his own State, there to be buried, and there, doubtless, fitting pens and voices will be found to give the memorial of his life, the outlines of his character, and his proper eulogy. And yet we felt that it was not meet, since he was the guest of our city, and rendered up his life to God here, that he should go forth from Brooklyn without appropriate funeral services, and we asked the privilege of paying our respects to his memory and honoring his dust, glad that the time has come at last when men who have reaped abundant contempt and scorn for their fidelity should be honored, and honored for the very same qualities for which they have been scoffed at. Ever since my youngest manhood, almost the year that I emerged from minority, Mr. Lovejoy's name has been familiar to me. I have watched his course and sympathized with him, regarding him early as a leader, and in later years as a companion in the great conflict of our age. For the outer work which Christianity has had to do in your lifetime and mine has been the work of reasserting liberty in a land which had let her altar fires go out, and let her lamps stand without oil in them; and in that great work Mr. Lovejoy has had an honorable and an eminent place. He has carried himself so as to have the unbroken confidence of his coworkers, and now the sincere respect and honor and affection of all men who love liberty and true Christian patriotism, and yet I call you to bear witness that this man, whose name will be written in our history, this man, who will never be forgotten, has made himself memorable not by rare combination of traits that constitutes genius, not by such uncommon power as compels effects, but by simple manliness in a time when men were scarce, and by simple fidelity to moral convictions. Owen Lovejoy is evidence that a man may become heroic by the practice of the simplest moral elements. I think he was preordained for the position that he has occupied, and built for it. It is true that a man may, by force of conscience, do things which ought to be done against his susceptibilities and his feelings; and there is many and many a man that fain would have done battle for freedom, but he was so organized that to do it was a perpetual torment and pain to him. It has been with extreme difficulty that some of these men have maintained themselves, and it was too much to advance. Mr. Lovejoy was so organized that to do what he thought right was no pain and required no special resolution. He was built broad, and square, and strong; to be healthy and courageous. I think, therefore, that we ought to bless God that he sent this man, and equipped him when he sent him—a man who did his duty so easily and naturally that it required no extraordinary effort. But while he was a fearless man, he was not a malignant nor an irritable man. He never fought with animosity; still less did he ever quarrel. He never scolded. To speak of Owen Lovejoy as a querulous, irritable reformer, is as foreign as possible from the truth. He was a genial, smiling, good-natured, honest-hearted, open-handed man, that every man must sympathize with and respect, even those whom he used to drub; for he was called to do a great deal of that disagreeable work in his lifetime, especially in the later periods of his public life. Every one who knows him may bear witness that it was not the love of morbid anatomy; it was not a sort of fierce hatred of evil alone, it was the love of good and the sweet open hearted love of that, and that alone that impelled him. And to the end of his life he maintained healthiness. He was not a morbid reformer in any sense. Quite early in life God adorned him with a constitution that was needed for the work that he did, and with the requisite mental traits. He also ordained that he should have a right education, and, therefore, he made him the child of a good mother.* Largely to her he owed those qualities which have made him what he was. It was she especially in that instance—it was she that used to take up *The Emancipator* that Dr. Leavitt edited, and read the editorials in his hearing, exclaiming as she went on sentence after sentence as she sat by the fire, "Well done Mr. Leavitt." Thus she sowed the seeds of sacred truths and covered them down with maternal love; and such seed sown in such a heart, by a mother's hand, could not fail to bring forth a good harvest. He put himself through college. He may be said to be a self-educated man, as all men are who are educated at all. He prepared for the ministry. He offered himself to be licensed in the Episcopal Church. They proposed to do it upon condition that he would promise not to agitate the Church by discussing the unpopular subject of Slavery. He turned his back on them, and told them if they would not give him his license with freedom, he would not take one. He forsook them, and took out a license in the Congregational Church—where he should have gone first—without conditions, and I need not tell you that he never preached a gospel which left out human rights and human liberties. In preaching he felt that there was a spiritual element, and he was faithful in the discharge of his ministerial duties in that direction, but he also felt that that spiritual element should never absorb and hide the ethical, and that the preponderance of the one or the other must be determined in the providence of God by the exigencies of the community; and in his time the exigencies of the community required that the gospel should tell what were the rights of man. And in the region where he lived he educated public sentiment and brought men to feel that religion inspired liberty, and that piety, one of the evidences of it, should be the love of liberty for one's self and one's fellows. It has been very happily said this morning, that he changed the sphere of his ministry and did not lay it down, for he was a man of God in Congress and all his political and public life he was still carrying out the great truths of the gospel, giving them emphasis and practical force in the labors of reform which occupied the last year of his life. What was the intensity of his feeling and the heroism that his religion had inspired in him, you may judge in part from the lion-like conduct of his brother—and he was a man of the same sort—who died a martyr and poured out his blood for liberty of speech and of conscience. You may judge it by the words that he spoke everywhere, with fearlessness. I will read two paragraphs. Imagine a whole sermon flaming like this, and borne out too by a man whose whole life showed that he meant every word he spoke:

> What if we are fired? Shall we be the first Christians that were spoiled of their goods? Did you never hear of any who took the "spoiling of their goods joyfully?" What if we do die a violent death? Thus the Lord Jesus Christ died—thus Peter, Paul, and other Apostles died—thus the glorious company of Martyrs died—thus Cranmer, Latimer, and Rogers died—thus Hampden, Sidney and Emmet died—thus Elijah Parish Lovejoy died, and thus, God's grace helping him, will Owen Lovejoy die, rather than yield obedience to human law which conflicts with the Divine.
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> Mother, can you not spare another son?
>
> Beside the prostrate body of that murdered brother, while the fresh blood was oozing from his perforated breast, on my knees while alone with the dead and with God, I vowed never to forsake the cause that was sprinkled with his blood. The oath was written in blood. It must stand. Am I alone in this matter? No, I thank God that I am not. I see by the tearful eye and compressed lip that there are others here, into whose sacked hearts the hard resolution is now sinking, TO OBEY GOD RATHER THAN MEN—WHO WILL DO OR DIE.

Is there anything better than that spoken in our literature or in our history? anything better done than that man's life of which this is but one spark, the whole life being a brand of the same kind? But he has been simply a man faithful to conviction, faithful to religion, faithful to the example of his Master, and gone through the perils of a stormy period till he saw already the twilight of the coming dawn. The night is far spent and the day of his land, his native land, is at hand, and his eternal day nearer than he thought. The sickness which has terminated his mortal career he thought not to be unto death, and he struggled against it with fervor and courage, believing that his Master had work for him to do here still. He has died. He yet speaketh. Do you believe that there is a young man bred on the prairies of Illinois, or in all her counties, that is susceptible to heroism and nobleness that will not be inspired with the example and words of Owen Lovejoy. He has not half done his work yet. He will go on working from year to year, as every noble nature does that is faithful in his day and generation. He sows then the seed which comes up chiefly after he is gone. Our brother said that the nation mourns him. I am not one of the mourners. I never mourn a good man when he goes to Heaven. I never mourn for him. I do not mourn for the nation. His words and his example have educated hundreds and thousands to take his place and to carry forward his work. He would have him march abreast with the ranks of the multitude. Release has been given him; his Master has called him to a higher sphere and nobler labor, and his work goes right on. As when a drop is taken from the ocean, it is replaced by another drop, and there is no void, so in the fathomless sea of God's great tide of liberty there is no void to-day; the stream is no shallower, the current no less forcible. He rests and rejoices; we work and rejoice, thanking God that He has raised up such a man to take part in His work. Such is the state of things that we can spare such a man. We are working, and have not much chance in our lifetime to talk with the coworkers. We shall meet him and talk with him ere long, when we wake from this dream of life and take our crown, as he has taken his, and receive the welcome, as doubtless he has received it, from the lips of the Master.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Storrs, after which the hymn "Shining Shore" was sung. The coffin was then opened and numerous persons took a last look at the countenance of the deceased.

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* His mother is a member of the writer's congregation.

Latest Ship News.

ARRIVED.

Brig Agnes (Prus.), Mentz, Marseilles 80 days, mdse. to Funch, Meincke & Wendt. Is bound to Boston. Put into this port in distress, having experienced very heavy weather, and on the 14th inst., during a violent gale from N. E., accompanied with snow; stove bulwarks, lost and split sails, and touched four times on Nantucket Shoals, causing the vessel to leak badly. The crew becoming exhausted, and unable to keep the vessel free, on the 27th was taken in tow by pilot boat Wm. H. Aspinwall, and towed to Sandy Hook, and from thence, by steamtug, to this city. During the gale of the 16th, John Douglass, seaman, of Liverpool, was washed overboard by a heavy sea, and lost.

Schr. H. S. Barnes, Rull, Newport 3 days, ballast.
Schr. Charles Moller, Baker, Boston 4 days.
Schr. Hannah D., ——, Harwich, to master.
Schr. J. S. Curtis, Crowell, Providence.
Schr. Juliet, Fosbee, Boston 6 days, ballast.
Schr. Atlantic, Wass, Cutler, spars to Holyoke & Murray.
WIND—During the day, N. N. W.

RETURNED.

Ship Lydia (of Yarmouth, N. S.), Killam, hence March 4, with a general cargo, bound to Callao, and dispatched by Dollner & Co., having on the 8th inst., in lat. 37 07, lon. 64, encountered a violent gale from S. W., during which shipped a sea, and was making about five inches of water per hour. The gale lasted 30 hours, during which time was hove to. On the 11th, Sandy Hook bearing N. W. by W., 660 miles distant, bore up for New-York. On the 22d and 23d, lat. 39 43, lon. 73 39, had a heavy gale from N. E., with snow. On the 25th took another gale, and was compelled to haul off shore.

MEMORANDA.

The British bark W. S. Hansel (formerly the American bark Aura), Capt. Hanker, from Guantanamo for Philadelphia, with a cargo of sugar and honey, went ashore on the 19th inst., at 3 a. m., about ten miles south of Hatteras Light; the weather thick at the time; vessel and cargo a total loss. She lies broadside on, so that the sugar casks have floated out, and the beach is strewed for miles with the empty hogsheads. All hands were saved. One man from the shore was drowned while assisting to save the crew. Three of the passengers from the Hansel came to this port on the transport Louisa Moore. The cargo was insured, but the vessel was not.

The Dutch brig Mauricio, Capt. Schroeder, from Curacoa, is ashore on Squan Beach. Captain and crew saved.